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To the men of G
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TO THE MEN OF GUILFORD.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

Last summer, myself and some friends were engaged in raising a company of State troops, but seeing so many in the same cause, the impossibility of all succeeding, being one of your representatives, and being advised and requested by friends, not to resign; I gave up my company to make up that of Capt. Morehead, which is now in the service.

I have served you to the best of my ability as a civilian, and I now desire to serve my country as a soldier. Who will come and go with me? Many of our brave friends have gone, but Old Guilford has not yet done her duty. Last summer, I asked you to enlist for the war; but I now only ask you to go for six or twelve months, and that for State defence. You all then said, that when your harvest was gathered—when our State was invaded—you would fly to the rescue, and

“Strike for your altars and your fires.”

Now, your harvest is over, and you have been blessed with an abundant one. Now our coast has been invaded, and the enemy are upon us—eight hundred of Carolina's sons are now prisoners in the land of the enemy, and our homes, our property and our loved ones are in hourly danger. Then I ask you, has not the time come, when you said you would go? Now is the time, here is an opportunity. The Legislature has given the Governor power to accept volunteers for twelve months or less time, for the defence of our State; and this is the last opportunity you will have of joining such a company.

Then, my fellow-citizens, I call upon you once more, as those, whose ancestors assisted mine in achieving the liberties we have so long enjoyed—as those who are to be free or slaves with me—as those having the same liberties, the same rights, the same interests at stake; will you submit, or will you fight? This is a momentous question—such an one as you have

never before been called upon to decide. but the time has come, the die is cast, when we must be submissionists and cowards or soldiers and fight.

North Carolina has sent far more arms than any other State, to the use of the South—she has sent all of her troops to Virginia, and left herself unprotected—our coast has been invaded, and the enemy are upon us. Our Governor has called upon the Confederate authorities for help, and has received none, and now we are left to ourselves, to fight our own battles, defend our own homes, or be overrun and ruined.

Young men, I call upon you, because you are strong, you have no families to leave, you have all to gain, and nothing to lose. Men of families and of property, I call upon you, because your all is at stake, and very soon, if we do not have a force sufficient to drive the enemy back, your property will be swept from you like chaff before the whirlwind.

Will you cry longer, “young men go and fight for us?” They have nearly all gone. Come forth yourselves and do your part and suffer no longer, the burning stigma to rest upon you—it will rest there until you come and share the toils, the privations, the dangers and the honors, with those who have gone and are yet going, with their lives in their hands, to defend our common interests, our common homes and our common “sunny South.”

Then let all those who love us; love the land that we live in, as happy a region, as on this side of heaven. If you fall, you fall blessed martyrs of Liberty, and your memory will be cherished by all the lovers of Freedom, now and in ages yet unborn. If you survive, your names will stand uppermost in Liberty's story. You will be hailed on your return as the defenders of your country, and with the exulting sound, “see the conquering hero

comes;” and all that is good, all that is honorable, all that is great, will be yours to command.

Can you, will you, longer resist your duty? Can you, will you, wait for further appeals? It is your country's call, and

“Oh, if there be on this terrestrial sphere, A boon or an offering, that Heaven holds dear, It is the last libation which Liberty draws From the heart that breaks and bleeds in her cause.”

Then come one, come all, old and young, let us link our destinies together, “go where glory waits us, strike for our home and our fires, and go to victory or the grave.” Who would be a slave, who would live, *conquered* by the North?

Men of family, and of property, whose interests are at stake? Are yours? Who are fighting our battles? Certainly, not many of you, but the young men of the country. Why is this? Are there lives less precious to them and their country than yours? this cannot be, for they are the hope and stay of the Government. Why then are you lagging behind and leaning upon the frail arm of youth? Does a wife make cowards of you? If so, we had best make soldiers of the women. They are doing their duty at home, now do you go and do likewise, and your wives will not say nay or complain?

Remember that when the history of these times has been written out, and when the names of those who have done their duty in this great struggle, shall be spread upon the records of the past, for the perusal of that posterity which is to live after us—oh, remember that your name will not be there, and those who bear that name, in searching through “Liberty's Story”—regret as they may and will—can only heave the sigh, and reply to the stigmas heaped upon it, “you knew your duty, but you did it not.”

JULIUS L. GORRELL.

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